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THE

CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A

COMIC OPERA.

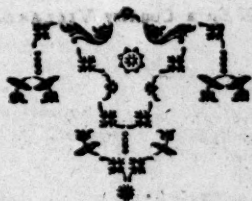
As it is Acted at the

THEATRES - ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.



L O N D O N;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise, by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Bookfellers.

M DCC LXXX,



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ASTOLPHO
HOBBINOL
DAMON



FABIAN
COLIN.

W O M E N.

PRINCE
LENETTA



CLARA
EMILY.

SCENE, a Country VILLAGE.



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T H E CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A View of a Plain intermixed with a Number of Fruit-trees, and the Cottages of Peasants; the Men and Women employed in different Occupations before their Doors and in the Field.

Phebe at work.

AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance thro' the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a cheerful face.
Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful Colin ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest,
All my labours to beguile
Love shall wake me with a smile.

To you, Colin, I am betrothed, and to-morrow shall be our wedding-day; let that thought make you cheerful. Away, I prythee, love, your work calls you: remember that the fruit of your toils will soon be bestowed upon me.

Col. Do you bid me leave you then already? I have no power, I am so happy. Will you, my dearest, grant me one boon before I go?

Pbe. Name it.

Col. Your hand, that I may kiss it.

Pbe. There—take it.

Col. Now I'm alive again. I'll to my labour straight, and whilst I pluck the fruit, you shall delight me with a song.

[*Colin gets up into the tree, the peasants come round him with their baskets; in the mean time she sings.*]

AIR II.

Pbe. Of Colin's tender love possess'd,
My heart is glad, my spirits blest'd;
His cheerful looks, his soul sincere,
Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.
Col. No splendor gilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean,
But Phebe's smile rewards my pain,
And Colin is a wealthy swain.

Dorb. No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest;
Pleas'd with the swain my hopes pursue;
Pleas'd with the nymph my hopes pursue;
For he is kind, and I am true,
For she is kind, and I am true.

SCENE II.

Hobbinol, and Damon.

Hob. Go your way, for a pair of fond turtles.—
Ah, Damon, it was just so for all the world when I went a courting to our Cicely. There was such piping, and singing, and dancing—Ah! those were merry days—well, well—but they are all done and past.

Dam. True, neighbour, true, we have had our day: let the young ones begin now—the very thoughts of their approaching happiness make my old nerves spring agen, and I could almost caper for joy.

Hob. Body o'me, I grow young agen at the sight of them.

AIR III.

Tho' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkl'd and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest;
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the best.
When I look on my boys,
They renew my past joys;
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.
In the days I was young,
Oh! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace.
But now turn'd of threescore.

I can do so no more,
Why then let my boy take my place.
Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine?
You've had your's, I've had mine

And now let our children begin.

Dam. What signify the great folk, with their lace, and their furbelows?—all is not gold that glitters, neighbour; many a sound looking sheep, is rotten at heart—Our pleasures may be as good, though not so costly as their's.

Hob. 'Twas but last summer, Damon, that our squire got himself a wife, a parlous fine lady, and a rich one too. Lord, it did one good to look upon her, she had such a delicate white and red, for all the world like our Kate's doll; yet a body would believe that they came together only to live asunder.—For madam lies in one bed, squire lies in another, and they are now like the two buckets of

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our town-well; when one comes up, t'other goes down; and if they happen to meet each other, you would think they had never seen one another before. If this be the matrimony of your town folks give me the country I say.

Dam. I'll warrant it will not be so with our young couple—blessing, light upon them! they think of nothing but the feast and the dances; and adod, we'll dance at the wedding too.

Hob. Dance! ah, ah—don't you remember Damon, come Lammas, 'twill be six and forty years ago, when I met Cicely at our feast.

AIR IV.

When the head of poor Tummas was broke

By Roger, who play'd at the wake,

And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,

And wept for poor Tummas's sake:

When his worship gave noggins of ale,

And the liquor was charming and stout,

O those were the times to regale,

And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,

And we all were as happy as kings,

Each in his holiday cloaths,

And the lasses in all their best things.

What merriment all the day long!

May the feast of our Colin prove such;

Odzooks, but I'll join in the song,

And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

ay. It was that very day his worship was made justice of the peace and coram—then Cicely and I came together for the first time.—She was a tight wench then; her cheeks were as fresh as a rose, and as red as a catherine pear—there was your dancing, Damon, when she and I were partners, and—

[Flourish of Horns.]

Col. Oh, neighbours, neighbours, all our grounds are over-run with horses, hounds, and huntmen!—they force into the vineyard.—Plague on all sportsmen, they are born to ruin us.—Here, Roger, Tummas, quick, make haste, the gate stands open; shut it fast, for if we don't take care they'll ravage all.

Pbe. We must be patient, Colin, it's the prince's hunt.

Col. A murrain take all hunts I say.—Here are they hunting about every day and all day, and their fine sports forsooth must be our ruin. Our labour is all in vain.—They are coming this way I think, Get in lads and lasses, these roaring fellows are keen sportsmen when they have our wives and daughters in chace. [A Hunting-piece behind.]

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.

[Enter Alstolpho and Fabian.]

Fab. A country girl, Sir! and is this the object of your adoration?

Alst. It is, and what is still more extraordinary, her wit charms me as much as her beauty.

Fab. A miracle!

Alst. She is indeed a wonder, and I have been told that an old lady, whose circumstances obliged her to dwell in retirement, has been the protectress of this sweet creature, and formed and cultivated her mind by an excellent education, leaving her possessed of the most amiable simplicity, a native frankness of temper, and an agreeable vivacity.

Fab. Does not your highness fear some imputation?

Alst. What signifies the blood she springs from? A handsome woman is naturally born above her condition.

Fab. But the Princess Emily, Sir! her rank and virtue.

Alst. I confess them. Yet my heart, spite of myself, is on the point of proving faithless to her. I doat on this little rural innocent; and what is still more extraordinary, with but little hopes of success.

Fab. Is she so coy then?

Alst. My answer here must be still more romantic. I adore her; and yet, which perhaps is the best proof, I have never dared to utter my passion.

Fab. But how can you hope to gain her heart without solicitation?

Alst. For that purpose I have at length retained a female solicitor, Lisetta, whom I have sent to exert all her artifice to win her to the court. I have no reliance but upon her skill—but here they come—let us retire, and watch their conversation.

AIR V.

Pbe. When vapours o'er the meadow die,

And morning streaks the purple sky,

I wake to love with jocund glee,

To think on him who doats on me.

With secret pleasure I survey

The frolick birds in amorous play,

While fondest cares my heart employ

Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

SCENE IV.

[Enter Lisetta.]

You must have a very merry heart, pretty nymph, to be so cheerful in such a low and obscure condition.

Pbe. The obscurity of my condition is the means of my happiness: what have I to disturb my tranquility?

Lis. Tranquility? Oh, melancholy! tranquility is the pleasure of a drone, dull and stupid. I love active pleasures, to go on in a perfect round of delights, that whirl one about till one's almost giddy with happiness, and keep one as busy as a bee. Indeed, my dear creature, you are most horribly mistaken. Your purring streams, secret groves, and dying swains, are mighty pretty things to read of, but there is nothing so absurd in nature as preferring the gloom of a country life amongst a parcel of cows, sheep, and men like brutes, to the brilliancy of a court.—And let me tell you, young maiden, that face was never made to be buried in a cottage. Come, come, I know something that would make your little heart go pit-a-pat for an exchange. You shall have nothing to do but to wish and be satisfied. You shall have coaches and horses, and jewels and servants.

Pbe. Alas a day! who will give me all these fine things?

Lis. Don't you remember the other day, you shewed a gentleman his way out of these woods, who comes a hunting here sometimes?

Pbe. Oh that's the civil gentleman who calls himself the prince's friend. He has promised to speak a word for us at court, and to be sure he'll do us real services, for he professes great regard.

Lis. Regard—a fiddlestick for regard—such beauty as your's will command love wherever it appears. What signifies moping in these deserts—only consider how you will shine in a court.

Pbe. Ah, Madam, I see you laugh at me. I am not designed for such fine folks; I should be ashamed to shew my face at court.

Lis. Not you indeed. There is no such thing as shame at court. You shall haunt it about in a gilt equipage, with tall handsome footmen behind it, dressed in silks and satins, and gold and silver, and a

fringes, and your finger by your face, toilette!

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fringes, and laces, and flounces, with jewels on your fingers, and diamonds in your ears, and a watch by your side. And then your toilette! oh, your toilette!

Pbe. Toilette! what's that!

Lif. What a pretty Nizi 'tis! The ladies treasury, from whence in all ages they draw their most lasting charms. The throne of art, the armory of Cupid, and the altar of the graces; it is there that they triumph over nature, and repair the ruins of age by the delicate touches of the pencil.

AIR VI.

Yet that's a magazine of arms

To triumph over time,

Whence beauty borrows half her charms,

And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and saint,

Industrious sets her face,

While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,

Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the brush,

The comb to tinge the hair,

The Spanish wool to give the blush,

The pearl to die them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,

In freshest beauty strong,

As Venus fair, and Flora gay,

As Hebe, ever young.

Pbe. This is past my comprehension—I don't understand it.—Shall I grow handsomer at court?

Lif. Aye, to be sure.

Pbe. I should like it vastly; I wish I was there. Had I more charms, Colin perhaps might love me better.

Lif. Try.

Pbe. I have a good mind, and yet I am afraid—but see, yonder comes the gentleman who belongs to the prince.

Lif. So, so! her vanity begins to work apace. The fish nibbles, I'll leave him to hook it.

[Exit Lifetta.]

SCENE V.

Enter Astolph.

Ast. Good-morrow, fair maiden; what still at your rustic employments? Fie, fie! to bury such charms in the country is treason against beauty.

Pbe. Indeed, Sir, your language is past my simple understanding. A fine gentlewoman was here but now, and she talked all riddles to me; pray, Sir, can you explain them? She told me that there was a receipt at court to make beauty everlasting, and that somebody adores me: for my part I can't find what she means.

Ast. Oh, Phebe!

Pbe. Bless me, Sir! you sigh; is there any thing gives you pain? What is the matter with you?

Ast. I love you, Phebe.

Pbe. Is that all?—And so you love me?

Ast. Most sincerely.

Pbe. I'm glad on't.

Ast. Indeed!

Pbe. Aye indeed, Sir. Surely, Sir, you will not deny the request of her you love.

Ast. No Phebe, no; name it, and be satisfied.

Pbe. You know Sir, they are continually hunting here from morn to night; if you have any interest, good Sir, speak to the prince, that we may be no more troubled with him; for my part, I can't find out what has possessed them to run over our fields in such a manner; for the pleasure of killing a little leveret, they'll destroy you forty acres of corn—only see.

Ast. Be satisfied—your request is already granted.

Pbe. I thank you, Sir, with all heart, and above

all I beg you will never come here, for I don't like to see you.

Ast. What! how's that Phebe? I hoped—

Pbe. Hoped!—pray what, Sir?

Ast. You do not love me then—

Pbe. I! not I indeed—I love Colin.

Ast. Vexation! who? Colin! Who!

Pbe. A young man in our parish, who courts me, and has promised me marriage.

Ast. Consider, Phebe, do not throw away your affections; place them more properly, let me console you. [Taking hold of her hand.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Colin.

Col. Softly, softly maister, you may not touch my Phebe.

Ast. So here's my worthy rival.

[Phebe putting herself before Colin.]

Pbe. I pray, Sir, do not hurt him.

Ast. Be not alarmed, pretty maiden, I come not here to cause unhappiness. He rests secure for me; if Colin is indeed so dear to you, be assured I am his friend—

Col. Plague on the friendship of the fox, who comes in such a civil leering way to steal away the chickens.—If you must needs pamper yourself with a delicate morsel, e'en look for it elsewhere.

AIR VII.

Pbe. Be calm, I pray my true love dear,

You know not what you're doing;

A lord is in our presence here,

Affront may prove our ruin.

Col. How can I e'er believe him such,

These crafty wiles pursuing.

[To Ast.] My lord, you honour me too much,

—A plague on both your wooing.

Pbe. Oh, Colin, cease your idle prate;

Your folly must undo us.

You know not from a man so great,

What favour may come to us.

Col. Believe not what the courtiers swear,

They ruin whilst they're civil.

[To Ast.] I thank you, Sir, for all your care,

—Such kindness is the devil.

[Ast. to Phe.] I was in hopes my tenderness might have won upon you; the happy Colin, I perceive, interests you more; may he be the means of completing your happiness, though I am rewarded with affliction. But our will shall be my law. Adieu. Remember, think upon my love, and be assured of every service in my power. [Exit.]

Col. Thank Heaven the coast is clear, and all is calm again.

Pbe. Indeed, Colin, you treated the gentleman much too roughly. He is a lord, and he has promised to carry me to court.

Col. To court! and will you go?

Pbe. To be sure, why not? they say it is a charming place—we'll go together, love!

Col. Hear me, Phebe, nothing that's handsome is safe at court; his design is to betray you, which you don't seem to suspect—he talked to you about love, why did you listen to him, Phebe?

Pbe. What if he did talk about love, his love is hopeless, and your courtiers are too well bred to offend against good manners.

Col. Yes, yes, they are such sort of folks to be sure—you have found them so.

Pbe. Why, do you suspect me? I only give ear to such discourse to laugh at it, to laugh with you, my dear Colin; remain secure in that assurance.

Col. O no doubt; that is charming and fine; but don't I see him at this very moment lurking about

and staring upon you as if he'd look you through and through? as he is not yet gone about his business, go home to your own cottage; to-morrow you are to be my wife; go along without any more to do. I tell you it must be so.

Pbe. I can't—

Col. You must—

Pbe. I won't—

Col. You shall—

Pbe. Mighty well, Colin; I don't deserve this at your hands; let me alone!

AIR VIII.

Be not so cross and rude.

You hurt me Colin—Oh—

My lord is much too good

To see me treated so.

His lordship's tender care,

Shall keep me free from harm;

I'll tell him all, I swear—

O lud! you break my arm.

SCENE VII.

Astolpho, Fabian, and Attendants.

Ass. Insolent villain! release her this instant!

Col. Let us alone, Sir, I beseech you; 'tis our own affair, and you have nothing to do with us.

Fab. Stand off, fellow, 'tis the prince.

Pbe. The prince; you! the prince!

Ass. Yes, I endeavoured to conceal my rank, that your love might be disinterested. But to preserve you, I will now use my own authority.—Come hither—

Col. The prince!—the devil.

[*Aside.*

Ass. Come, Phebe, and adorn my court, there your beauty shall shine with all its advantages, and partake with the sovereign of the homage of all hearts.

Pbe. Yes, Sir, I will go with you.—[To Colin.] Henceforth you shall learn to prize me better.

Col. Was ever such perfidy?

AIR IX.

Pbe. Go! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.
Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

Col. A plague take the whole sex, say all they are as light as chaff, and fickle as the wind.

AIR X.

Thus laughed at, jilted, and betray'd,

I stamp, I tear, I rave;

Capricious, light, injurious maid,

I'll be no more thy slave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,

Thy charms no more engage;

My soul shall take the juster part,

And love shall yield to rage.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Toilette. Phebe dressing.

Lisetta and Clara.

Lis. A little more rouge, if your ladyship pleases.

Pbe. Ladyship! don't laugh at me.

Lis. One slight touch more.

Pbe. More daubing! have done, I'll be more on't.

AIR XI.

Thank you ladies for your care,

But I pray you both forbear,

Sure I am all o'er scratches!

That your curious hands must place,

Such odd spots upon my face

With your pencils, paint, and patches:

How I totter in my gait,

From a dress of so much weight,

With my robe too dangling after!

Could my Colin now but see

What a thing they've made of me,

Oh, he'd split his sides with laughter.

You have made a strange figure of me indeed at last. These things are wondrous awkward to me; pray let's have done.

Cl. Your diamonds, madam!

Pbe. O how they sparkle—but there are some flowers—Poh, they have no smell!—every thing is unnatural here. Beauty is but a painted sign. All is imposture, even to the very flowers.

Cl. These flowers, ma'am, are made to please the sight, not the smell; and in this instance they excel those of nature!

AIR XII.

The flowers which grace their native beds,

A while put forth their blushing heads,

But e'er the close of parting day,

They wither, shrink, and die away.

But these which mimic skill hath made,

Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,

Shall blush with less inconstant hue,

Which art at pleasure can renew.

Lis. A fan for your ladyship.

Pbe. Dear me! what use can I make of this?

Lis. This is a wonderful instrument. It's excellent—various and elegant. You shall hear it, ma'am.

AIR XIII.

For various purpose serves the fan,

As thus—a decent blind,

Between the sticks to peep at man,

Nor yet betray'd your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,

Repentment's in the snap,

A flirt expresses strong disdain,

Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,

All modes of female art,

And to advantage sweetly shews

The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre first design'd

By love's capricious boy,

Who knows how lightly all mankind

Are govern'd by a toy.

Ah, ma'am, you'll soon understand the power of this art. I am ravish'd with it already. What an amiable figure!

Cl. What a genteel air!

Lis. How immensely elegant!—horrid creature!

[*Aside.*

Pbe. [Overhearing.] What did you say?

Lis. Quite in nature—you'll be the object of general adoration.

Cl. All the world will feel the force of your charms.

Pbe. Charms! are these your charms? I hardly know myself; and yet, after all, a peacock, a jay, or a butterfly is dress ten times finer; here are gold and silver, and jewels, and ribbands of all the colours in the rainbow—A great hoop that hides my real figure, waives that take away my natural complexion, shoes that will cripple me, and stays

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that make me crooked. I wish I was in my own cloaths again.

AIR XIV.

When late a simple rustick last,
I rovd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.
The charms I boast, (alas how few!)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice ne'er spoilt her native hue,
They could not want repair.

Lif. Your ladyship will excuse me, but upon my word, your notions are quite antiquated, and have not the least relish of the bon ton.

Pbe. Bon ton! what's that!

Lif. Every thing in the world, ma'am, in the polite world at least. It is impossible to look, or walk, or talk without it, ma'am.

Pbe. What, will you persuade me out of my senses! d'ye think to make me believe that I have not the use of my eyes, my tongue, or my feet? Don't I speak plainly? Don't you understand me? Don't you call this speaking?

Lif. Not quite according to the bon ton, madam; there is no occasion for your speaking plainly, it is the worst thing you can do; nor for my understanding you; nay, indeed, that's still worse than t'other; you should never speak to be understood. As to your manner, d-r-a-w-l out your words in a faint weak voice, as if you did not know how to get them off your tongue. Your ladyship, entre nous, speaks too much in the country tone. You seem all health and spirits. Put a little sickly delicacy into your accents, languish with your eyes; and totter in your gait, and then you'll be quite in the bon ton, ma'am.

Pbe. How strange and ridiculous! surely this place is the region of absurdities.

AIR XV.

How strange the mode, which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in speech, are plain in thought.

Lif. Why there again! in your fingering now! Your ladyship has a fine pipe, but not a note according to the bon ton. No Italian expression, which is the life and soul of all music, the very essence of harmony; your fingers of taste will run up and down the ladder of sounds; from the cellar up to the garret, now rumbling along in the grand Spirito till they make your ears crack again, and then in the piano they expire like a swan to their own melody. In our favourite compositions we are not contented with making the sound an echo to the sense, but by a happy jumbling of both together, create the most exquisite confusion of harmony in the universe. Please your ladyship, I'll give you a specimen; and then, if you please, I'll attend you to court.

AIR XVI.

Tho' thunder in thy accents roll,
No fear shall shake my daring soul,
O tyrant, grumble, rant and rave,
My spirits scorn to be thy slave,
But pity lends her soothing aid,
Can I forsake my tender maid?
O tyrant, vain is thy decree,
Her mournful looks are death to me,

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Fabian and Astolpho.

Astol. Yes, Fabian, I do observe, nay pity her un-
business. The sensibility of the princess alarms

me; I know her virtues, and am convinced of her affection for me. Though from her delicacy she has not hitherto upbraided me, I perceive she entertains strong suspicions, which you know are but too well grounded.

Fab. Yet those, my lord, are easily removed.

Astol. And how?

Fab. Your highness's orders have already done it; for what you promised Phebe, will be a proof, which Emily cannot suspect, that this amour has nothing real in it. When this same Colin, whom the young madam doats on, comes to court, his love will be a blind for yours.

Astol. True, I have sent for him; but what then?—pray explain.

Fab. The awkward simplicity of country lovers must make an agreeable contrast with the elegance of court manners, an amusement only fit for laughter. As such only you designed it; for that purpose you brought them hither, for entertainment and observation. The princess cannot suspect your designs upon Phebe, when her own Colin is permitted to be with her, and you will easily find means to compass your intentions when all suspicions are quieted.

Astol. But see, the princess comes—I would avoid her—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Emily and Clara.

Emi. He shuns me Clara; alas! 'tis now beyond a doubt.

Clara. Do not torment yourself, and create imaginary affliction.

AIR XVII.

Ourselves too often we deceive,
And wrong our judgment to believe,
When thinking harshly of the swain
We cheat our hopes, and brood on pain.

Emi. With the generality of women, I confess the heart is not so much affected as their vanity is hurt, by the fickleness of their lovers. Self-love is too often the link which unites their souls; but the only interest which sways my bosom, is the purest and tenderest affection.

Clara. Believe me, madam, the prince is no stranger to your tenderness—he will return it.

Emi. You would comfort me, I see—perhaps I am alarmed from too slight a cause. However, watch their steps, if you regard your mistress.

AIR XVIII.

If tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith, and fond belief,
She hugs the dart, and aids the thief;
Till left her hapless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts, the god has wings.

But who is this the prince brings with him?—
Oh, 'tis the village nymph he so much doats on. I must observe them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Phebe and Astolpho.

Astol. Well, what think you of the court, does it delight you, Phebe?

Pbe. It is the seat of wonders. Every thing changes character here, the men are quite different: I met one who is the lord of the manor in our neighbourhood, a very proud gentleman amongst us: he carries his head so high and looks so fierce, and threatens folks with his cane in the country if they do but look upon him, here he was bowing and scraping and cringing. Why are they so com-

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plaisant here, these great folks who terrify and domineer over us in the country? Does the court make them so much better? No, I believe if they do any good here, 'tis only to get a right to do something bad elsewhere.

Afol. I hear you with pleasure. Did not the brilliancy and the politeness of court surprize—

Pbe. Oh, they were extravagantly polite indeed. They paid their compliments with wonderful civility, and ran over my person and features in a loud whisper with the most minute observation—Upon my word, she's a mighty pretty tight thing, quite an angel for the country; what a poor little innocent it is; what an air she has, what a walk, what a voice!

Afol. Oh, that is mere pleasantry—they'll be more careful by and by, and shew you infinitely more respect. They will be eager to invent new diversions for you; they will read your wishes in your eyes, and I my dear will serve them as a model.

SCENE V.

Enter Emily, and Clara.

Emi. to *Pbe.* So, madam, you have made a noble conquest. Suffer me, I beseech you, to pay my homage where the prince pays his.

Afol. Nay, but Emily, you misunderstand.

Emi. to *Pbe.* Your superior charms.

Pbe. Pray, madam, do not mock me.

Emi. to *Afol.* Don't disturb yourself; my lord my presence interrupts I see, I will retire.

Pbe. Stay, stay, we have no secrets to talk of. The prince and I—

Emi. I understand you, madam. It were wonderful indeed if charms like yours had not most terrible effects.

AIR XIX.

I must approve your highness' flame,

Your passion for the fair,

And all the world must feel the same,

Who marks her shape and air.

A mein so rich in ev'ry grace,

Her manner so polite,

Such beauty beaming from her face—

Was ever such a fright!

Pbe. So then, the prince is her lover. Yes, yes, I plainly perceive it. Upon my word, this place abounds with very odd customs [To *Astolpho*.] Can you divide your heart to two at a time? [To *Emily*.] The prince loves me too madam, he has sworn it.

Emi. [ironically to *Astolpho*.] Mere pleasantry; that's all.

Afol. to *Emi.* Nay, but I assure you.

Pbe. to *Emi.* You need not be under any apprehensions on my account. For my part I love Colin.

Afol. Yes, yes, Colin is her love, and Colin shall come, I told you so—[To *Emily*.] Don't give any credit.

Emi. I believe nothing.

Afol. 'Twas but a whim that caused all this; for I imagined the rustic simplicity of these peasants might make an agreeable contrast with the refined manners of our courtiers.

Emi. [Forcing a laugh.] A very ridiculous prospect truly! Oh, we shall be charmingly amused. Come, let us hear some of her prattle—Well, my dear, and how do you like the court?

Pbe. May I speak, my lord?

Afol. Oh, what you please.

Pbe. Then if I must fairly confess the truth, I am heartily tired of this horrid place, where every object I perceive seems a contradiction to common

sense. Their whole design is to reverse nature; where people are for ever busy in doing nothing; where they eat without appetite, and lie down without rest; where their mirth is all grimace, and their pleasure nothing but perpetual noise.

Clara. Her observation, madam, to me seems perfectly just; groves and retirement are your only places for innocence and simplicity.

AIR XX.

Along your verdant lowly vale

Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,

But rustling thro' the lofty trees

It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus, free from envy's poison'd dart,

You boast a pure untruss'd heart,

While jarring thoughts our peace deform,

And swell our passions to a storm.

Emi. And pray when is she to return to her village again? is she to go to-morrow?

Pbe. No Sir, to-night, to-night, I beseech you; the sooner the better.

Emi. Come, come then, let us leave her to prepare for her journey, and indulge her meditation on her beloved Colin. Your servant, my dear.

Afol. Adieu, Phebe, don't be uneasy; your Colin will soon be here.

[*Astolpho and Emily exit.*]

Pbe. Your servants, my dear; a mighty pretty subject to laugh at truly. E'en keep your prince to yourself, I want none of him. I am sure, I did not come here to look for him. [weeping] I have nothing to reproach myself with; only let them suffer me to go, and I shall be happy. Is it my fault? what have I to do with it? If Colin was to treat me so, instead of making myself so pleasant with other folks, I should die for grief. But what is this I hear?—ah, 'tis Colin—how engaging he'll find me; let me see if he will recollect me in this dress.

AIR XXI.

Col. Plague take such folks,

Their whims, their jokes,

With their nonsense, rant and riot!

This calls me clown,

That shoves me down,

Can a body ne'er be quiet?

So push'd about,

Thrust in, thrust out,

In a tumult, noise and hurry,

I'm squeez'd to death,

I've lost my breath,

And my wits run hurry-scurry.

Here have they dragged me out of the country to make a fool and a laughing stock of me. A parcel of servants, I think they call them, though I took them for lords, they were all so belad'd and be-ruffled, have put me into this dress forsooth, in spite of my teeth; and what have I to do with these tawdry trappings? I want nothing in this world but mine own sweet-heart Phebe. They came truly to fetch me hither, and yet I can't find her; a plague upon 'em, every thing distracts me; I know not whether I stand on my head or my legs,

Pbe. I'll e'en go and accost him—Sir! Sir.

Col. Lud, lud! what can this fine lady want with me?

Pbe. This is the luckiest accident in the world; he can never find me out through this disguise.

Col. How she surveys me! I believe she'll look me through and through.

Pbe. I'll e'en try his constancy—and pray, Sir, what occasion can have brought you to court?

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9

Col. Me? I only come to look for our Phebe.

Pbe. Who Sir, Phebe?

Col. Yes, a tight lass of our parish, who has promised to be my wife, but she has left me in the lurch.

Pbe. You amaze me; that's scarce possible.

Col. Aye forsooth, but it's true.

Pbe. But after all, Sir, why should that give you any manner of uneasiness? a person of your figure I am sure has it always in his power to make a better choice; you was never made to be treated with disdain. I tell you so, Sir, as a friend.

Col. Friend! a friend to me, madam? Lord! I never saw you before in my life.

Pbe. Upon my word, Sir, I wish you well.

Col. What! without knowing me?

Pbe. Oh Sir, people of your sort are easily known; you have a certain air in your countenance, an appearance in your dress—

Col. Oh madam, upon my word—

Pbe. Which sufficiently explain themselves to my eyes.

Col. O, as to that, your ladyship—

Pbe. And then what is still more distinguishing, your excessive politeness.

Col. Politeness! I polite! Indeed, madam, I don't pretend to know any thing of that matter. To be sure I was always counted a civil body, and I know how to keep my distance and doff my hat, for I know that's good manners for certain, when one talks to a great lady.

Pbe. But you, Sir, are a gentleman.

Col. A gentleman! I a gentleman! O lud, O lud!

Pbe. I see it plainly; but you are infinitely too modest, you are indeed—

Col. Yes, yes, forsooth, I am a country gentleman.

Pbe. And that Sir, is all in all, that is a sufficient recommendation, and demands a peculiar protection.

Col. (Aside) Odsbud, but I believe this lady has taken a fancy to me. They had good reason indeed, who told me one need but shew one's face at court to make one's fortune.

Pbe. Bless me, what a charming figure! what ease, what elegance! Oh Sir, if you come hither to make your fortune, you cannot fail of success. Come, come, you shall be my servant.—O heavens! what ails me! I am so dizzy I can hardly stand; lord how my heart flutters!

Col. O madam, madam, shall I assist you?

Pbe. No, Sir, I thank you, by no means. I begin to recover, I feel myself grow better apace. Oh the sweet, sweet gentleman!

Col. Indeed, madam, you frighten me! what would you have me do? pray speak, madam.

Pbe. You must—O Sir spare my blushes. Lord how I tremble! you must love me a little—can you will you? if you do, your fortune is made.

Col. This can be no trick. It grieves me to see her in such a taking. I'll e'en pretend to fall in love with her. Alas, I must have more about me than I dreamt of to make such quick impressions on ladies of such high fashion.

Pbe. (Aside) So so, he begins to waver. Let me see how far he will carry it—Well, Sir, and will you agree to my proposal?—give me your hand.

Col. Oh Madam, I—I dare not—

Pbe. Am I so frightful then?—come, come.

Col. There then—I never was hard-hearted in all my days.

Pbe. [discovering herself.] Oh traitor, have I

caught you—this is no more than I expected; now look upon me. Is it thus you reward your Phebe?

Col. Phebe! who! Phebe!

Pbe. Yes, it is Phebe. I have found you now.

Col. A plague upon it, who would have dreamt of this?

DUET.

Pbe. See, traitor, now before thy face
Thy falsehood stands confess.

Col. O maiden, think me not so base,
I feign'd it, I protest.

Pbe. Go, go, deceitful swain.

Col. Say not these words again.

Pbe. Thy guilt is now too true.

Col. Such words are death from you.

Pbe. No better are thy due.

Col. Yes, better are my due.

ACT III. SCENE I. A Street. Hobbinol and Damon.

Da. A YE, aye, neighbour, your fine folk, for all their vapouring and bouncing, are no honestier than they should be. Who would have thought that our Phebe would have been sent for to court!

Hob. Sent for, quoth'a! no, Damon, trepanned, drawn in by artifice.—Lord! what a parcel of nonsense of teeth, of lips of ivory, and coral, and diamonds, did some of those scented puppets pour out before the wenches in our village, till the maids grew so fantastick that they did not know their heads from their tails.

Da. Fair words cover foul dealings; give me plain speech, and plain manners, I say.

Hob. By my troth, Gaffer, I never could abide these leg-making gentry, who bow and scrape, and palaver, with their hats stuck, like gizzards, under their arms; and all the while they mean no more by their civility than to cuckold the husband, or debauch the daughter.

Da. Thank Heaven, Hobbinol, we have none of those vices; we are not so polite.

Hob. In good truth, neighbour, I envy none of those sort of folk.

A I R XXII.

Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.
Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

But sure they cannot mean mischief to our young couple, since my boy Colin has been sent for to court with all haste; and to meet your Phebe they said.—Body o' me! how their eyes will sparkle when they meet each other! I'll warrant you now she is as melancholly as a turtle that has lost it's mate.

Da. But, for my part, Hobbinol, I cannot abide the thoughts of her being at court; why, the place is for all the world like a fair, full of nonsense, noise and shew.

Hob. Aye, neighbour, they keep fair here all the

year round, and a plentiful market too; only the goods now and then are a little stale.

Da. A plague take their town manners, I say. Though I do not my hat never so low, and bespeak them never so civilly, they do but laugh in my face. Adod, I think we been as proper folks as the best of them in our time. They must keep their flaunts and fleers to themselves. It is a wonderment to me, neighbour, how we found our way hither.

Hob. Or how we escaped whole from so many dangers. I thought I should have had my body squeezed to death by one of those jiggeting fellows, with poles in his hand and a chair at his backside, who thrust me into the kennel almost under the wheel of a coach, and then furiously cry'd out, By your leave. Had I known that had been the way of asking a civil question, e'cod! but I would have had my crutch ready to have given him an answer.

Da. Well, well, these disasters are at an end now.

Hob. True Gaffer, true, we must not bide here, we must try what we can to recover our children; and for my part I do think Colin will be perfect mad if he misses his dear Phebe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A dressing Room in the Palace.

Phebe and Lisetta.

AIR XXIII.

From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.
Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day
To-morrow shall be slighted.

Faithless, faithless Colin! And pray, Madam, does Colin know the prince designs this visit to me?

Lif. O yes, he is informed of it---long since, poor soul.

Pbe. The news of it has affected him no doubt--

Lif. Oh yes, Madam, for a quarter of an hour, or so. Now he'd run up and down stamping and tearing, and raving and rending like a madman; then he'd stop short of a sudden, and folding his arms like a lover despairing beside a clear stream, heave a desperate sigh, with the most rueful length of face mortal ever beheld. The knight of the woeful countenance was a cherub in comparison.

AIR XXIV.

Oh 'twould pierce a heart of stone
To hear him roar and blubber,
So great a lover ne'er was known,
---Nor e'er so great a lubber.
Like little master left alone,
By gay mamma forsaken,
With hiccup, sob, and sigh and groan
His heart is almost breaking.

But, like the rest of his sex, sorrow took no fall hold of him; 'twas but an April shower, and all was fair again.

Pbe. Indeed Lisetta, were it not for his treachery I could almost find in my heart to pity him. But, dear Lisetta, I find myself strangely fatigued; your pleasures here pall the mind without entertaining it; my spirits are quite overpowered.

Lif. I'm glad of it; now, now you begin to have the *bon ton*.---I was sure your ladyship could not be so long amongst the polite world without catching the manners of it. 'Tis nothing but nerves, weak nerves, and fashionable vapours; things of course.

Pbe. Vapours, and weak nerves! why can it be a fashion to be sick?

Lif. O lord! as I told you before, it's downright ungenteel to be otherwise. Your ruddy complexions, and active limbs, may do very well for a dairy maid in the country; but here they are perfectly unnecessary, nay, absolutely improper. Lord, Ma'am, it is as unfashionable for a fine lady to be without a complaint, as 'tis to be out of debt.

Pbe. The more I observe your manners here, the more they surprize me.---But were it not possible, Madam, that Colin might be concealed somewhere hereabouts, that he may over-hear our intercourse?

Lif. Undoubtedly, Madam; but for what purpose does your ladyship intend--

Pbe. The dearest in the world, revenge.

Lif. That is indeed a most delicious morsel, and the injustice he has done you by his suspicions, deserves the worst of mortifications from your hands.

Pbe. Well, Lisetta, I leave that management to you. The prince will be delighted with it. Adieu. I shall attend his highness's pleasure. [*Exit Lif.*
---If Colin blames me now, 'tis not without reason, but I will still surprize him more. Alas! why did I come hither! is it the air I breathe which poisons all my peace? at home, my only thought was mirth, for there all was tranquillity, pleasure and happiness.

AIR XXV.

When far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.
But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
While hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

Enter Emily and Clara.

Emi. So, Clara, I still find her here you see. The so much boasted charms of the country will I fear lose all their relish after the splendor of a court.

Cl. Love, Madam, is undoubtedly very intoxicating, and it is no wonder if the addresses of a prince turn the brain of an ignorant village lass.

AIR XXVI.

Flattering hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat;
Woman, fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit,
Noisy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

Emily to Phe.] So then, you will not leave us yet? The court has stronger attractions than you were aware of, Phebe.

Pbe. Alas! Madam, did it depend upon my choice, I would be far off. The pleasures of this place are lost upon me; they are too artificial for us simple folks who are the servants of nature.

Emi. Quit then, as fast as you can, a place so contrary to your manners. I would not delay a moment. Alas! why cannot I shake off this troublesome pomp and pageantry of courts?

AIR XXVII.

What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights, and tinsel toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

Cl. O lord! Madam, how pretty must it be to wander along by the flowery banks of murmuring rivers, and to breathe the delightful fragrance of the meadows! Oh 'tis a paradise on earth.

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

II

AIR XXVIII.

Return, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.
The court has only tinsel toys,
Inspid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

Pbe. Upon my word, ladies, you reason excellently well in your turn. I perceive the advice of every body flows from self-interested motives. You would most obligingly inform me that my presence displeases you, Madam; I heartily believe it--But, now I think on it, I can't go yet; 'tis absolutely impossible. I have a particular engagement with the prince.

Emi. With the prince!

Pbe. Yes, with the prince: oh you will laugh exceedingly--

Emi. Laugh! I laugh! how!

Pbe. The prince you know is in love with you.

Emi. (*Sighs.*) And what then?

Pbe. Then!--why he desires an interview with me.

Emi. Which you have granted, I suppose.

Pbe. Oh, doubtless. It is not for folks in such an humble situation as mine to refuse so great an honour; and indeed, after so many instances of friendship and protection, it were a sin to deny so small a request. But I see, Madam, you are disappointed.

Emi. Who! I! not I, not in the least.

Pbe. I can't abide to be thought ungrateful.

Emi. So then, Phebe, after all this parade of honour, and virtue, and love, you can make an assignation?

Pbe. Come, come, don't be suspicious; where you dread a rival, you may find a friend. I pity your uneasiness, Madam, nor will I ever be the cause of adding to it. Come then with me, and, if possible, endeavour to forget your jealous resentment. I warrant you, all will be well yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Colin.

AIR XXIX.

Oh booby, blockhead, numbskull, ass,

Oh fatal strange mistake;

I fear I've lost my dearest lass;

Oh sure my heart will break!

Where shall I now my Phebe find,

Oh lovely, cruel fair;

And will she then be still unkind?

I tremble, I despair.

I'm ruined, dead, undone. They have bewitched her, they have poisoned her, they have given her something to steal away her heart; and yet I scarce can credit it. It is impossible--what! Phebe meet the prince alone! alas! it is but too true. My folly has aggravated her to an entire neglect of me. Well, Heaven be thanked I am not quite friendless yet. The good-natured gentlewoman who brought me hither, has promised to place me where I may over-hear all, and if I find my suspicions true, I know how to be revenged for the trick she has played me. Yes, I will give vent to my anger, yes, thou cruel, hard-hearted Phebe, I'll tell you to your face that you are a false, ungrateful hussy, and then---I'll go and hang myself; and then---you

shall never see me more. But yonder's the fine lady my friend and guide. Lord! Lord! how my heart beats! how I dread the event! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Phebe.

So then---hitherto all things are rightly disposed, Colin now may be satisfied of our interview. How strangely am I situated! at once the object of the prince's love, which I never was ambitious of; of the prince's jealousy, whom I wish to serve; and my own Colin's hard suspicions, which are most unjust; but here comes the prince.

Enter Astolpho.

Well, my lord, you find me an obedient servant; what would your highness have with me?

Ast. Can that be a question now, Phebe? does not the tenor of my whole behaviour explain itself to you? Come, come, you know I love you.

Pbe. Love me, alas! my lord, I was born to humbler hopes, and your highness can never be at a loss for more worthy objects.

Ast. Worthier--surely Phebe, you take a pleasure in creating my misery.

Pbe. No, I would rather wish to make you happy.

Ast. Alas! I have wish'd, I have sigh'd a long time for a heart without guile, a heart that was simple and ingenuous; a happiness not to be met with at court.

Pbe. Oh, my lord, that is a happiness you have always in your own power.

Ast. My power! do you approve my passion then? am I so blest?

Pbe. Indeed I will not hesitate one moment to make you so. Wait but my return, and I will convince you, [*Exit.*]

Ast. What can this mean? I am astonished, my spirits are all in arms, and my heart flutters with expectation.

Phebe returns with Emily.

Pbe. There my lord, (*presenting Emily*) that happiness is now your own; and I feel a satisfaction in being the means of it. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colin from behind.

AIR XXX.

Confusion, tortures, death, despair,

Why am I thus betrayed?

Thy vows I whistle to the air,

Go, perjured, treacherous maid.

[*Emily looks at Colin, and enter Phebe on the other side.*]

I see my fault, I blush for shame,

Oh joy to find thee true!

Oh nymph forbear that fault to blame

Which rose from love to you.

Phe. to Ast. Now, Sir, you are master of that treasure you so long desired; be happy in the possession of it. And now, Colin, what is become of your jealousy? take care how you harbour again a fiend which destroys all peace.

Col. I begin to revive again.

Em. to Ast. Assured as I am of your inconsistency, I might perhaps break out into reproaches, but your conduct afflicts me more than 't offends, and makes me unhappy without being violent. I see, Sir, I have lost your heart. (*Going.*)

Ast. (*Stopping her*) Stay, stay my princess, our hearts were not designed for such separation. Phebe, it is true, by thus enlightning my bewildered senses has humbled me sufficiently, and I should blush indeed, if I did not endeavour to imitate her. Her example shall excite me, and if my revived aff-

sections are worthy of a return, Hymen shall unite us on this day.

Em. Love surely may excuse it's own frailties.— Oh Phebe, let me embrace thee; how much do I owe to your friendship! how shall I reward you?

Pbe. Leave that to Colin, Madam; for from him alone I expect it. Come Colin, endeavour to amend your errors; here, take my hand, now you know all my vengeance:

AIR XXXI.

Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phebe kind, my Colin true.

Col. Nor shalt thou be deceived—let us away with haste. We will be married straight; this is true joy indeed; what need of so much mystery to be happy—but however, Sir, I pray you leave off your hunting on our grounds. Peace and quietness are better than all the honours in the world.

AIR XXXII.

Why should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweetest bestows
Which lazy splendor never knows.
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

As. May Heaven protect you both! live long in peace and happiness, and share my bounties as you please.

Enter Fabian.

Here are two old men come after Colin, and Phebe; they make such a bustle and clamour one would think they were stark staring mad.

As. Oh bring them in; the happiness will now be general indeed. (*To Emily*) What uneasiness has my folly produced! But—

Da. without. I tell you, I will have my daughter.
Hobbinol without.

Give me my son, I say; body o'me, you smock fac'd chattering; Oh, that I was but three-score for your sake.

Dam. Don't talk to me; my own's my own, and I will come in.

Pbe. Good heavens! my father.

Enter Hobbinol, and Damon.

Dam. So, so, we have found you now—Adod, but we have not. They do nothing but make fools of us, I think.

Hob. For my part I believe it is the land of lyes; I did not want such fine folks; our search is after a couple of stray'd children, and they told us they were here. (*Going up to Colin*) I pray you, Sir, can you tell me any tidings? (*discovering him*) Ods my life, its my own boy *Col*! I am transported, I am overjoyed—and why did not you answer your father, you dog?—Only see, Damon, how they have beguizened him, a looks for all the world like a king in the puppet-show.

Pbe. to Dam. And here too is your Phebe, Sir. It is no wonder you should not discover me through this disguise, since even the quick sighted eyes of

a lover have been deceived before now.

Da. Have I recovered thee at last, my child! My neighbour and I have had a wearisome pursuit after thee.

Col. All is well that ends well, father; we shall now be as happy as the day is long, thanks to the prince there. In truth we are much obliged to him.

Hob. Oblig'd! quoth'a, yes, yes, I suppose he has been very obliging:

AIR XXXIII.

No doubt but your foolscap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy kind?
To be sure, like a good natur'd-spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.
To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
The court is a wonderful school.
—My lord you've an excellent taste;
—And son, you are a cuckoldly fool.
If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could know out your brains.

DUET.

Col. I scorn to be any man's slave;

I know what is proper and right.

Hob. You talk, Sir, exceedingly brave:

You puppy, get out of my sight.

Col. Dear father, ne'er trust to report,

My Phebe is true to her swain.

Hob. Then why this fine jaunt up to court?

You dupe, you're a cuckole in grain.

As. Be not so distrustful, old friend. I have seen my error, and repent it. The temporary uneasiness you have found in the loss of your children, will be amply compensated in the happiness of to-day. Here [*Taking Emily by the hand*] my affections are settled. Phebe merits no suspicions; and if mutual love happily rewarded, can ensure a blessing upon earth, her union to-day with Colin shall effect it. Come, come, we shall all be happy.

Emily to Hobbinol. You may be perfectly satisfied, Sir, your fears are all groundless. It is from the conviction of her innocence, and by her interposition, that all parties are reconciled. Surely you ought to be satisfied on this point, when you see I am.

Hob. Say you so? why then, come hither child—Heav'n bless you.—Body o'me, but I cry for joy.

Da. Let me join my blessing too. And now, adod, I'm as gay as a lark, and as light as a cork.

As. From this hour my bliss commences. How sweet it is to gain the affections of a heart which owes all it's charms to innocence and simplicity! but to find one without guile in the midst of courts, whose honesty of nature is not corrupted, tho' it is cultivated by art, makes up my peculiar felicity.

TRIO.

Col. For thee my love shall ever burn,
Thou art my fondest aim.

Pbe. My love shall yield thee sweet return,
I burn with equal flame.

Emi. No care shall e'er my soul annoy,
No fears my bliss destroy.

Col. For thee my love shall burn.

Pbe. My love shall yield return,

Emi. Love is our whole employ,

As. Oh, this is perfect joy!